# CHRISTMAS EDITION 12 PAGES The Big Stone Gap Post.

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### **東京は古古古のではいけられらからからからからからからから** The Message of Christmas Day

HE message of Christmas day is intended for all men, for all times, for all conditions of existence. Christ alone of all religious founders has the courage to say to his disciples: "Go teach all nations." "You shall be witnesses to me in Judea and Samaria and even to the uttermost bounds of the earth." Be not restrained in your mission by national or state lines. Let my gospel be as free and universal as the air of heaven. "The earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof." All mankind are the children of my Father and my brethren. I embrace all in my charity. Let the whole human race be your audience and the world be the theater of your labors. These, then, are in broad outline some of the grand truths and consoling experiences which "the glad tidings of great joy" reveal in their unfolding. Only by stern adhesion to the principles therein contained can individuals and nations hope to share in that peace which has been promised to men of good will. To violate them is to reverse the order established by God, and disorder is the synonym for sin and strife. On the other hand, as beauty is the splendor of order, so peace is the tranquillity of order or joy in repose.—Cardinal Gibbons.

### H Christmas Dymn.

By Richard Watson Gilder.



Tell me what to this innumerable throng Singing in the heavens a loud angelic song?

Chese are they who come with swift and shining feet from round about the throne of God the Lord of Light to greet.

Oh, who are these that hasten beneath the starry shy, He if with joyful tidings that through the world shall fly? The faithful shepherds these, who greatly were afeared When, as they watched their flocks by night, the beavenly bost appeared.

Who are these that follow across the bills of night A star that westward hurries along the fields of light?

Chree wise men from the east who myrrh and treasure bring To lay them at the feet of him, their Lord and Christ and

What babe new born is this that in a manger cries? Near on her bed of pain his happy mother lies. Oh, seel Che air is shahen with white and heavenly wings. This is the Lord of all the earth; this is the King of hings.

Cell me, how may I join in this holy feast With all the hneeling world, and I of all the least? fear not, O faithful heart, but bring what most is meet: Bring love alone, true love alone, and lay it at his feet.



### The Life of Christ

By Charles Dichens

What images do I associate with the Christmas music as see these images set forth on the Christmas tree !

Known before all others, keeping far apart from the others. \* \* An angel, speaking to a group of shepherds in a field; some travelers, with eyes uplifted, following a star; a baby in a mauger; a child in a spacious temple talking with grave men; a solemn figure, with a mild and beautiful face, with a mild and beautiful face, valing a dead girl by the hand; again, near a city gate, calling back the son of a widow on his bier to life; a crowd of people looking through the opened roof of a chamber opened roof of a chamber where he sits and letting down a sick person on a bed with ropes; the same, in a down a sick person on a bed with ropes; the same, in a tempest, walking on the wa-ter to a ship; again, on a sea-shore, teaching a great multi-tude; again, with a child upon his knee and other children around; again, restoring sight to the blind, speech to the dumb, hearing to the deaf, health to the sick, strength to the same, knowledge to the ig-norant; again, dying upon a cross, watched by armed sol-diers, a thick darkness com-ing on, the earth begining to aiers, a thick darkness com-ing on, the earth begining to shake and only one voice heard, "Forgive them, for they know not what they do."

Mystery of the Incarnation.

For the sun to fail from its sphere and be degraded into a wandering atom, for an angel to be turned out from heaven and be converted into a fly or a worm, had not been such abasement, for they were but creatures before, and so they would abide still, though in an inferior rank. But for the infinite, glorious Creator of all things to become a creature is a mystery exceeding all human understanding—John Flavel.

His Humble Life.

We hear now and then an instruation that Christianity is a religion for the rich, invented perhaps by the rich to keep down the poor. But would a Saviour imagined by the rich be born of a poor woman in a stable? Would be associate, not only with the "sons of the soil," but even be kith and kin of theirs, follow a trade, dwell among them his whole life long? No, indeed.

Read the Christmas ads.

Their Heavenly Vision.

On the northeast side of liethlehem is a deep valley, the bottom and shies pf which afford rich and abundant pasturace for sheep and cattle. During the night in which Mary's child was born the shepheris of Bethlehem, with their docks, occupied this valley. Not a sound broke upon the stillness of inture except the low volced conversation; of the shepheris as they sat in groups and cheered the hours of watching with simple dialogue or rustle story. While they were thus employed, not dreaming of the vision that was about to break upon their senses. Such muste sweet Their hearts and sars did greet. As never was by mortal ingers struck. And immediately an angel of the Lord came to them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them. In the presence of this heavenly glory the simple shepherds were struck dumb with surprise and fear. They knew not what the heavenly vision meant until in soothing tones the angel said to them; "Fear not, for, behold, I bring you good tilings of great joy, which is hall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord. And this shall be a sign unto you? Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddiling cloths and lying in a manner."

And before the wondering shepherda could recover their self possession there suddenly.

Surcoands their sight.

A globe of circular light.

Teat with tony beauting the shamefac'd.

While the Creator great His constellations set And the well balanced world on hinge

Now Let in the Spirit of Christ!

God pity the men and women who shut out of their hearts the spirit of Christ at Christmas time even as he was shut out of the lin at Bethlehem. And the spirit of self and of selfishness la, more than anything else, supremely antagonistic to the spirit of Christ. God help us to exorcise the spirit of selfish greed, essential sin, the tyranny of personal desires and of the unhallowed will, that deaden the music of Christmas and all, the year through mar the working out of God'a plans in us and with us. Oh, to bring our own hearts fully into tune with the angels' kong!

Our Christmas cheer will seem the sweat-

# The Spirit of Christmas

HAT the spirit of Christmas is upon us one need but walk through the shops these days and be convinced. Visit the toy department of any store and learn that Christmas, with its kind old Santa Claus, and, in fact, the whole Yuletide spirit lie deep in the hearts of the children.

Perhaps there are among the grownups some who haven't noticed that Christmas dolls and rocking horses and skates and such delectable things are ever so different from the common or garden variety of the year round. Miss Boasie, the Christmas doll, for instance, is not to have her silk clad body and waxen curls swathed in brown paper and delivered by an ordinary delivery wagon. Most emphatically not!

The spirit of Christmas is abroad, and he whispers of Santa Claus and reindeers that pull the jolly old man and his sleigh over the snow covered roof tops and stand prancing and pawing at each home while Santa slips down the chimney.

For it is in just this way that the Christmas delly, the Irish mail, the rocking horse and even the big toy automobile are

For it is in just this way that the Christmas dolly, the Irish mail, the rocking horse and even the big toy automobile are transported from the show cases and windows of the department stores to a place beneath the Christmas trees of eager little girls and boys on Christmas eve. If any one doubts this let him ask even the first little girl or boy he meets in the toy-lands.—Washington Star.

## In the Beart of Mary.

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Hnnte Johnson filmt in Htlantie Monthly,



"To-day, little Son, little Son, Co-day Thou art safe with me.

Mother of Sorrows, I-

But my babe is on my breast.

he resteth quiet there

Uho bringeth the weary rest; De lieth calm and still

Who bringeth the troubled peace,

Who openeth prison doors

And giveth the sad release,

for there reacheth him yet no sound.

No echo of cry or moan.

Today, little Son, little Son, Today thou art all my own.

Mother of Sorrows, I-

And the sword shall plerce my heart.

But today I hold him close

from the cruel world apart.

It waits with smiting and gibes,

With scourging and batred and scorn,

With hyssop and wormwood and gall,

The cross and the crown of thorn.

The nations shall watch him die,

Lifted up on the tree.

But today, little Son, little Son, Today thou art safe with me.